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OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, August 29.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15, Mr. H. L. JACKSON; 7, Mr. J. A. BARNES.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road. Closed for repairs, reopens September 5.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. ROWLAND HILL.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate. Closed, reopens on September 5.
 Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. STABLES; 6.30, Mr. JOHN CARROLL.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.
 Highgate-hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. DAVID DAVIS.
 Ilford, High-road, 11, ROBERT PETTINGER; 7, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND, B.A.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W. No Morning Service during August; 7, Mr. STANLEY PENWADEN.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11, Mr. AMHERST D. TYSSEN, M.A.; D.C.L.; 7, Rev. FREDERIC ALLEN.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
 Little Portland-street Chapel. Closed. The Services will be resumed on Sunday, September 12, at University Hall, Gordon Square, W.C.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Mr. EDWARD WEBSTER.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., and 6.30, Rev. J. ARTHUR PEARSON.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Collegiate Hall, Worple-road, 7, Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR.
 Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. C. HALL, M.A.
 AMBLESIDE, The Old Chapel (near the Knoll), Rydal-road, 11, Rev. P. M. HIGGINSON, M.A.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
 BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. MORGAN DARE.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. R. H. FULLER, M.A.

BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars, 10.50. No service.
 CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, Royal Well Place, 11 and 7, Rev. J. FISHER JONES.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. WALMSLEY, B.A.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. JOHN WARD.
 HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk, 6.30, Rev. A. H. DOLPHIN.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. W. CARTER.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH BOND.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN BIRKS, of Taunton.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-Park, 11, Rev. M. WATKINS; 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. PERRIS.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. E. HAYCOCK.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. ODGERS.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. F. PARMITER.
 SHEFFIELD, Channing Hall, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
 TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road. Services suspended during August.
 WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station (side door), 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse, 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

BIRTH.

PUNNETT.—On August 26, at 6, Willow-road, Hampstead, the wife of Arthur H. Punnett, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

RENOLD—HUNTER.—On August 26, Charles Garonne, eldest son of Hans Renold, of Heaton Mersey and Manchester, to Margaret Hilda, daughter of Charles Hunter, Esq., of Moss Side, Manchester.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

THOMAS—FOWLER.—On August 27, 1859, at Eustace Street Church, Dublin, by the Rev. Thos. Felix Thomas, father of the bridegroom, Henry Felix Thomas to Sarah Fowler, daughter of George Fowler, Esq., of Cherryfield, Templesque, County Dublin. Present address, Holmlea, 48, Addiscombe-road, Croydon.

DEATHS.

MCCALMONT.—On August 15, at 10, Bayview-terrace, Ballyholme, Bangor, Mary Anne McCalmont (of Strathfoyle, Knock, Belfast), widow of the late Robert McCalmont.

STANLEY.—On August 24, suddenly, after an operation, Muriel Hovey, second daughter of the late Rev. F. W. Stanley and Mrs. Stanley, of 14, Montrell-road, Streatham-hill, S.W., aged 24.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

For the third time in its history the British Association is meeting in Canada. The experiment of a meeting on Colonial soil was tried first with conspicuous success at Montreal in 1884. Toronto followed in 1897. Winnipeg, which has been chosen for this year's assembly, is the third largest city in the Dominion. When Lord Strathcona first visited it in 1870 it was a village with 200 inhabitants. Now it is the centre of the largest grain market in the British Empire, with a population of 150,000.

THE Presidential address was delivered by Sir J. J. Thompson, of Cambridge, on Wednesday evening. He made some interesting comparisons between the opportunities for education in Canada and England, and deprecated the excessive competition for scholarships at the older universities, leading to specialisation at too early an age. "The effect of studying one subject, and one subject only, for so long a time, is too often to dull the boy's enthusiasm for it, and he begins research with much of his early interest and keenness evaporated. Now, there is hardly any quality more essential to success in research than enthusiasm." He went on to advocate an exchange of students between the English Universities and those of the Colonies. "I can think of nothing more likely to lead to a better understanding of the feelings, sympathies, and, what is not less important, the prejudices of one country by another, than by the youth of those countries spending a part of their student life together. Undergraduates, as a rule, do not wear a mask either of politeness or any other material, and have probably a better knowledge of each other's opinions and points of view—in fact, know each other better than do people of riper age. To bring this communion of students about there must be co-operation between the Universities throughout the Empire; there must be recognition of each other's examinations, residence, and degrees."

BUT the chief interest of the President's address centred round the researches, with which his own name is specially

identified, into electrical physics, the nature of the ether, and the properties of radium. On the subject of the future of industry, when our coal supply is exhausted, which sometimes puzzles the mind of the plain man, he was able to speak a reassuring word :—"We must remember that we on this earth are not living on our own resources; we are dependent from minute to minute upon what we are getting from the sun, and the gifts of the sun are conveyed to us by the ether. It is to the sun that we owe not merely night and day, springtime and harvest, but it is the energy of the sun, stored up in coal, in waterfalls, in food, that practically does all the work of the world. How great is the supply the sun lavishes upon us becomes clear when we consider that the heat received under a high sun and a clear sky is equivalent, according to the measurements of Langley, to about 7,000 horse-power per acre. Though our engineers have not yet discovered how to utilise this enormous supply of power, they will, I have not the slightest doubt, ultimately succeed in doing so, and when coal is exhausted and our water-power inadequate it may be that this is the source from which we shall derive the energy necessary for the world's work. When that comes about our centres of industrial activity may perhaps be transferred to the burning deserts of the Sahara, and the value of land determined by its suitability for the reception of traps to catch sunbeams."

THE address concluded on a high note of wonder and optimism, which emphasises the long distance we have travelled both in science and religion since the days of Tyn-dall's Belfast address :—

"The new discoveries made in physics in the last few years, and the ideas and potentialities suggested by them, have had an effect upon the workers in that subject akin to that produced in literature by the Renaissance. Enthusiasm has been quickened, and there is a hopeful, youthful, perhaps exuberant, spirit abroad which leads men to make with confidence experiments which would have been thought fantastic twenty years ago. It has quite dispelled the pessimistic feeling, not uncommon at that time, that all the interesting things had been discovered, and all that was left was to alter a decimal or two in some physical constant.

"There never was any justification for

this feeling, there never were any signs of an approach to finality in science. The sum of knowledge is at present, at any rate, a diverging, not a converging series. As we conquer peak after peak we see in front of us regions full of interest and beauty, but we do not see our goal, we do not see the horizon; in the distance tower still higher peaks, which will yield to those who ascend them still wider prospects, and deepen the feeling, whose truth is emphasised by every advance in science, that 'great are the works of the Lord.' "

RHEIMS will be celebrated henceforward for something besides its cathedral and its jackdaw. Every day has brought news of some fresh record in the conquest of the air. We are glad to notice that the public mind has begun to take a happy interest in the development of the air-ship. It has recovered from its first foolish obsession of fear, as though every new invention was an instrument in the hand of the enemy for purposes of destruction, and is inclined to speculate in the pleasant vein of Horace Walpole about the pleasures of aviation, and all the social changes which it will bring in its train.

IT was on October 15, 1784, that Horace Walpole saw Blanchard's balloon, which had been let off from Chelsea that morning, and was encouraged by the strange portent to indulge in the following whimsical dreaming :—"Only to other night I diverted myself with a sort of meditation on future *airgonation*, supposing that it will not only be perfected, but will depose navigation. . . . I chiefly amused myself with ideas of the change that would be made in the world by the substitution of balloons for ships. I supposed our sea-ports to become *deserted villages*, and Salisbury Plain, Newmarket Heath . . . and all downs arising into dock-yards for aerial vessels. . . . In those days Old Sarum will again be a town, and have houses in it. There will be fights in the air with wind guns and bows and arrows; and there will be prodigious increase of land for tillage, especially in France, by breaking up all public roads as useless."

DURING the past week a great deal of public attention has been focussed on the question of the Dramatic Censorship, and many people have begun to think about it who never gave it a thought before. The Joint Committee of the Lords and Com-

mons proceeds on its leisurely way, and amid the mass of conflicting evidence—or let us rather say personal opinions of authors, managers, and actors—two things are becoming tolerably clear, namely, that the present arrangements are an admirable security for keeping the drama conventional and insipid, and that they can only be defended on the ground that we have grown accustomed to their unreasonableness. Suddenly a new element has been added to the discussion by the announcement that Mr. Bernard Shaw's censored play, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," would be performed at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in spite of the protest of the Lord Lieutenant, Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats taking full responsibility in the interests of dramatic freedom.

* * *

WITH the aid of this splendid advertisement, the play was given before a crowded house on Wednesday night. The first impressions of the critics are strangely conflicting. The correspondent of the *Morning Post* says that the performance took strong hold of the imagination of the house, and the play was magnificently acted. Mr. E. A. Baughan, writing in the *Daily News*, speaks of it as crude and dull, and ventures the opinion that it would be asking too much from any Censor to pass "Blanco Posnet" as it stands. A serious writer like Mr. George Birmingham, in the *Manchester Guardian*, describes it as a very fine piece of dramatic writing. "There is," he says, "a profound and deeply pathetic human interest. We feel for and we feel with Blanco Posnet as with no other character whom Mr. Shaw has created." "Mr. Shaw," he continues, "calls his play 'A Sermon.' Remembering the charge of dulness which clings to pulpit utterances, it is perhaps insulting to accept this sub-title at its face value; but this we may say safely, 'The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet' is a sincerely religious work, and the suggestion that it is blasphemous is simply grotesque. I hesitate—Mr. Shaw hesitated too—to touch in plain words the supreme mystery of the Christian faith. But the child, for whose life Blanco Posnet put his own neck into the halter, died. It died, and so these men and women came to feel less 'rotten,' though they were guilty and the child innocent."

* * *

OF course, these are first, and necessarily hasty, impressions. They make it clear that the play is not likely to suit all tastes, and that it may in places run counter to some conventional standards of reticence. But the very serious question remains whether there is any adequate reason why the public, with its fundamental sense of decency, should not be left to make its own choice and pass its own judgment, as it does in the case of novels and pictures and sermons. Is the drama alone dangerous to public order and morals unless it goes in leading-stings, while in all other directions we are proud and even jealous of our freedom?

* * * Next week we shall publish an important article by Mrs. Sidney Webb, on "The Moral Issues of Poor Law Reform."

EDITORIAL ARTICLES.

OUR COMMON CHRISTIANITY.

THE phrase "Our Common Christianity" at once exposes the user of it to certain disparagement. He is suspected of a wish to undermine more full-blooded forms of religion than his own, to tamper with the allegiance of men to their denominational affirmations, or to fritter away precious time, which ought to be given to the saving of souls, in a foolish attempt to eviscerate Christianity of all its distinctive meanings and to promote a policy of union on the basis of the residuum. It is difficult for any phrase, however innocent and alluring it may be, to resist the attack of such fierce prejudices, and possibly that may account for a fact, which we think we have noticed, that it is less often on men's lips than it used to be, though its reality is none the less surely in their hearts. We are not among the sceptics who ask timidly, as though courting a rebuff, whether such a thing as common Christianity exists. We believe in it whole-heartedly, and we maintain in bold defiance of all gainsayers that it is a paramount duty to exhort and persuade men to recognise it, and to put away their divisions over the vast area of religious and moral life which is covered by the term.

But where shall we find this common Christianity of which we speak, and in what direction ought we to look for it? Certainly not to the theologians in the first instance, for many of them are most apt in the art of subtle distinctions and of magnifying differences. It is more probable that we shall find what we want in the lay world, and the use of the word Christian when it comes naturally to an ordinary man, with no ecclesiastical proclivities, to describe some quality which he admires. We call ourselves a Christian nation; we praise our friend for his Christian behaviour; we say of a good man, when he is dead, that he lived like a Christian. Assuredly when we do this we are not thinking of any precise type of theological belief or any particular fellowship of Christian people. Our use of the word is much wider, and yet it is very significant; for it is no courtesy title, but an instinctive act of homage to the deepest things in life. There is a Christian ethic, a Christian temper of heart and judgment, a Christian attitude towards God and human life, which ignores the strict rules of our churchmanship, and reveals our common Christianity as something deeper and more permanent than all our differences. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment of living for even a few weeks in contact with a religion alien to his own. The Christian nurtured on the same sacred writings, and sharing the same spiritual loyalties, he can understand; and there is at once a feeling of common ground. But the Mohammedan

remains an impenetrable mystery to him, and he is only a spectator of a religion which he cannot share.

But perhaps at this point some reader may suspect a flaw in the argument. For if this common Christianity has all the spiritual value which we claim for it, the question will occur, why have not men made more of it? and why, amid a growing unanimity in all fields of human knowledge, is Christianity the one thing about which we refuse to agree? We would reply that the chief grounds of difference are theological, and they have their source in the effort to define, and the desire to set up our own interpretation as alone legitimate. The word interpretation contains the whole secret. It implies something more primitive and fundamental behind, some spiritual fact or experience, some flash of inward light, some disclosure of the divine, which we are trying to explain. To that something more primitive and fundamental all Christians go back. It is their common inheritance, the material on which they all work, the inexhaustible source of spiritual quickening and renewal. We discover it as a living tradition in the fellowship of Christian people. We feel its power in the pages of the New Testament. We do not mean that we are not to try to make the meaning of our religious life articulate, and to impress on others the particular attitude of mind or angle of vision, which because it has meant much to us, may also be precious to them. Neither do we wish to imply that we are not to welcome cordially the variety of interpretations. All sincere thought upon the greatest of all themes has its own value; and Christianity would be a much poorer and less attractive thing than it is, if we could win all our controversial battles and only our own creed survived. We value heaven's sunshine the more because it is shrined in the virginal whiteness of the lily and glows, like the spilled blood of sacrifice, in the heart of the rose. The world is not likely to outgrow its need both of a JOHANNINE and a PAULINE theology. But beneath them all, and more important than all, are the quickening spirit, the moral standards, the ideals of character, the attitude of discipleship, the boundless and inexhaustible sense of the love of God, of our common Christianity.

We know that when we say this we shall be called latitudinarian. That word is always a trusty weapon in the hand of the bigot, to discredit an attitude of mind which baffles and annoys him. It is a strange reproach to fling at a follower of CHRIST, and in using it he only reveals his own failure to understand breadth and charity and their essential value for religion. Does not any close study of the Gospel narrative reveal CHRIST himself as a latitudinarian in his sympathies, in his attitude towards dogma

and tradition, and his emphasis upon underlying and essential things. It was the chief source of his offending, that human nature and its needs mattered more to him than the theology or the ritual of the schools. We may, without irreverence, bring the whole matter to the decision of this final court of appeal. Can we imagine that he would have taken much interest in the fine points of our controversies, or have looked with cold suspicion upon men of good will but unsound Christology? Would he have refused to pray with them, or have banned them from his visible fellowship? Such a thing is unthinkable, and no man ever really tries to justify a policy of exclusion on the ground that CHRIST would have done the same, and the Gospels clearly teach him so. And the reason for all this is plain. We feel instinctively, as soon as we turn from the theologians to the New Testament, that it is the qualities of a man's life, the religion behind his religiosity, his trust in God and his joy in sacrifice, which fit him for the love of the brethren and the fellowship of the saints.

There is no need to be apologetic about these things. They should rather be spoken with all boldness as the truth of God for all who profess and call themselves Christians. A common Christianity, which is the result of a process of elimination, will always be a poor thing to which no serious man need pay attention. But the common Christianity, which is gained by feeling our way back to the simple and deep things which satisfied the heart of CHRIST, has in it all the elements of a conquering Gospel for our own day, with its weariness of sectarian strife, its enthusiasm for human fellowship, and its spiritual yearning for a healing and unifying word of God. Those who magnify this common Christianity have simply gone deeper than most of us. They have got more religion, not less. They stand a little nearer to JESUS CHRIST in temper and aim, in tolerance and in sympathy. They live not on the intellectual circumference, but at the spiritual heart of the Gospel.

THE MEANING OF LOYALTY.

LOYALTY, like patriotism, is a word much soiled by ignoble use. It has been adopted as a party badge. It has been annexed by the wirepullers of ephemeral political schemes. It has been denied to men who have given of the travail of their soul for their country's good in unpopular ways. But these unworthy uses of the word are a tribute to its nobility. They reveal its emotional value and its magnetic influence over the crowd. It would never occur to the small mind, intent on measuring everything in terms of money, to proclaim a monopoly in such an impalpable quality of the spirit, were it not for the instinct that there is driving power in it, which it is

worth while to annex "to grind corn for its own mill." We cannot, accordingly, surrender it to the process of deterioration and decay without some effort of strong thinking and hard fighting to retain it. It is a word which we need, which we know not how to replace, for the spiritual purposes of life. Etymology, which always has in it some trace of the wisdom of the pedant, will not avail us much in this matter. Its connection with law is patent on the surface, but to say that loyalty is equivalent to law-abidingness is to leave us profoundly dissatisfied. Words become ennobled before they are capable of being degraded in the traffic of life, and it is because they escape our definitions that they are so precious as symbols. This process of deepening and enrichment goes on unobserved, it is the product of racial experience, and we are hardly conscious of the wealth of association which has gathered round a word until it is rudely challenged or brutally misapplied. In this shock to our spiritual sensitiveness we realise how much there is in its value for life, which we can describe though we cannot define, and feel when we cannot describe.

In a very stimulating volume of "Essays in Politics," Mr. ANDREW MACPHAIL has made a contribution to this problem of loyalty, and it has all the greater value because he attempts to recover the meaning of the word in the light of a concrete instance. He writes as a Canadian, and his subject is the attitude of Canada to England, and what may be called the psychology of the colonial connection. Loyalty, he tells us, may be taken for granted in Canada. But, he continues, loyalty is not "an abstract virtue like honesty, truth, and charity. Its value depends upon the ideals to which one is loyal, and the motives by which one is actuated." This ideal Mr. MACPHAIL finds in the ancient "truth, pity, freedom, and hardiness" of the race. "The English people never committed the unspeakable treachery of disloyalty for material gain. Neither shall we. Yet that is precisely the infamy which is alleged against us by British writers, who urge that we be given trade privileges, so that we may remain loyal, and by Canadian writers who demand preferences on the same ground. . . . If, they say, this is not done, Canada will become disloyal, and either seek refuge with the United States or set up in 'business' on her own account. Canada will do nothing of the kind. If her loyalty depends upon commercial gain, the sooner England bids her go in peace the better. The spirit of DEMETRIUS, the silversmith who saw his craft in danger, is not the spirit which actuates the mass of the people in Canada. The proof of the loyalty of the most and best Canadians is that they say nothing about it. A wholesome child does not

think or speak of his affection for his parents or cousins. Words are unnecessary; if they are necessary the sentiment is wanting. Loyalty, like affection, is a thing of the heart, it is not of the mouth or the pocket."

In these and other passages, which we might quote, Mr. MACPHAIL has done something more than give voice to a vigorous protest in face of some prevailing tendencies. He has proclaimed the inalienable connection of the word Loyalty, even in the dusty world of politics, with that impalpable thing which we call national character, the "truth, pity, freedom, and hardiness" of the race, in other words, with a spiritual ideal and destiny. Perhaps the need is hardly so pressing, at the present moment, to urge the same plea in the sphere of religion, though the spirit of DEMETRIUS, the silversmith, is always somewhere in hiding near the church door. Loyalty to JESUS CHRIST has been the strongest motive for the ennobling of life which the world has known, but also one of the most delicate and fugitive. It often survives in name when worldly ambitions and personal desires have usurped its place. In Religion, as in Politics, men make Loyalty into the badge of a party and the cry of a sect, or they turn it to account as a prudential method of getting on. But it has nothing in common with this magical repetition of words and names, which men have forfeited any title to use because they have profaned their meaning. The real loyalty of our lives is determined by the things which dwell for us "in the innermost," which we could not sacrifice without losing the value of life itself. The wisest word which has been spoken on this subject is also the simplest: "Where thy treasure is there will thy heart be also."

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BORN AUGUST 29, 1809.

It seems but the other day since Oliver Wendell Holmes passed away, yet we are called to celebrate already his birth-centenary. What do we owe to his memory? He must not, it is plain, be forced into comparison with the giants who were born in 1809, for he was not supreme in either thought, or art, or action, as were Darwin, Tennyson, and Lincoln. Yet there are thousands in English-speaking lands who gave him their affection when living, and have not forgotten what he has been to them. Those who knew him personally will have their more intimate tribute to pay; but to those whose acquaintance was, perforce, only that of the printed page, he became, and has indeed remained, no less a personal friend. The news of his decease (is it fifteen years since?) brought to us a sense of distinct personal loss, for he had drawn us to him so closely, gained and given such rich exchange

of sympathy, gathered around his snow-crowned face and his eighty-five years such an accumulation of true esteem, that we felt towards him not merely as a writer to admire, but a companion to love and honour. In this sense he gained and held a peculiar regard, and for this reason he partly disarms criticism or else himself meets it half way by the frank spontaneity of his fascinating personality. His whole atmosphere is so warm and genial, so sunny and altogether delightful, that one cannot be strictly cool and impartial when asked to estimate his exact literary rank.

But his many claims upon the world's notice have not failed to secure his place. A doctor and a man of culture; a sprightly professor and a popular lecturer; a first-rate wit and a second-rate poet; an essayist and a moralist of original merit; a novelist whom literature will remember for his weird and vivid *Elsie Venner*; the biographer of Motley and Emerson; above all, and through all, a master of kindly humour and of not unkindly satire. What varied chords of life he touched with pleasure, skill, and power. Yet behind this general estimate certain characteristics stand out which we must not fail to note; they partly account for his literary output, and also emphasise such distinctive genius as Holmes may be claimed to possess. "The Little Doctor" was a great talker, the greatest in America. His conversational versatility has, perhaps, never been surpassed, even by Sydney Smith at his best. It was simply irrepressible, wholly irresistible, flashing with wit and charm, freshening every theme, bubbling over with new humour at every turn, sparkling with gay vivacity and quick repartee, such as made Thackeray write to him gracefully, "Come to England, come and stay, if only to talk to us continually. We will welcome you everywhere if you will only let us listen to you." Holmes must have satisfied to the uttermost Stevenson's high claims for "Talk and Talkers," for his conversation was affable, ready and welcome, impromptu, luminous and dramatic, with an illustration or thought pat to every subject, proceeding not by erudite arguments but by apposite instances, revealing himself most fully and candidly, and keeping close along the lines of humanity. All this was true of him surely in every degree; and it came, not from the studied art of conversation, but from the spontaneous expression of the man.

From this fact came forth *The Autocrat* as a natural result—the conversational "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which is, without doubt, his best literary work. "Literature in many of its branches is no other than the shadow of good talk." *The Autocrat* is the shadow in print of the author's good talk, and it is talk, moreover, which is real literature. Its appearance in *The Atlantic* was a distinct literary event; it made the new review which he named and co-edited, and it made the reputation on which his fame must depend. Holmes is "the autocrat" first and last, the literary talker at his best, taking us into his confidence, touching our own weak spots, tilting against hypocrisy and stupidity, teaching us tenderness and charity, coining arresting phrases and felicitous proverbs full of shrewd human insight, but far too numerous to quote. Because he is so

frankly and rightfully egotistical, he is able to reveal the reader's soul as well, and thus make "Every man his own Boswell." There is no book more readable and none more companionable, for it is steeped throughout in the finest spirit of fellowship; but though pleasant it is not deep. *The Professor* is deeper and *The Poet* more severe, but neither can compare with the original forerunner.

It is, moreover, within these prose works, interspersed at appropriate points in the text, that we come across such of his poems as lay hold of us, with the exception of "The Last Leaf," "The Living Temple," and "Dorothy Q." Poetry was unconsciously his secondary form of expression, a diversion rather than a compulsion. We sing his "Sun-day Hymn," and "Hymn of Trust," we quote "The Chambered Nautilus," and we delight in the playful tenderness of much incidental verse; but we miss the authentic lyric note and the prophetic, passionate impulse which writes, not from passing wish, but because it must. His occasional and local verse means more to New Englanders than to us. Its easy success arose from the twin circumstances that Holmes was a man of one town and one institution. He loved Boston as Johnson and Lamb loved London. It was not alone in jest that he claimed the dome of its State House as the hub of the universe. "That's all I claim for Boston," said this patriot grandiloquent, "that it is the thinking centre of the continent, and therefore of the planet!" He loved Harvard as many versifiers have loved Oxford, and became the accepted Harvard Laureate, the accepted University poet.

The chief excellence of Oliver Wendell Holmes is that of a true humorist. It was charged against him sometimes that he had not sufficient courage to be serious; rather was it that his seriousness was of so kindly a nature that he had the courage to represent it in that humorous aspect which is equally sympathetic to the mingled joy and sorrow of life. That he had a quick sense of the ludicrous and a keen eye for the comic, we may freely admit; but he is never the mere empty jester, never the feeble funny man laughing at everything or nothing, never the smiling cynic chaffing goodness into nought or sneering it inside out. He could be caustic and ironic in face of cant; but beneath his lightest banter and his loudest laughter lies the wise man's tender understanding of the true depths of being, and he never loses touch with the realities of existence. With sure and clever steps he treads the separating precipice between smiles and tears; to the pathos of failure and misdirected endeavour he is no stranger, for his humour was not a manner but a philosophy of character. He had the moralist's subtle interest in the intricate motives of men, and the physician's knowledge of the hereditary influences which play upon their disposition. Hence his merriment had heart in it, his optimism was not shallow content, his wit had truth at its back. Can we wonder that those who seldom entered churches or listened to the lumbering discourses of noted Sunday divines, have lent an eager ear to the delightful lay sermons of this week-day preacher. To this knowledge of life and humanity, and this intimate

study of individuality, we may trace his persistent interest in questions of theology. Negatively it was due, no doubt, to the early revolt of his mind and heart against the Calvinistic scheme which he was taught. "We learned nominally that we were a set of little fallen wretches, exposed to the wrath of God by the fact of that existence which we could not help." His indignation at this teaching never ceased to cling to him, and he literally lost no opportunity of denouncing hotly the current orthodoxy. "Any decent person," he said, "ought to go mad if he really holds such opinions." If his treatment of the great orthodox theory was somewhat airy and summary, it proceeded also positively from his own robust and healthy faith in humanity, and from the clear-cut semi-scientific shape of his own religious belief. He could not square the doctrines of original sin and eternal perdition with the justice of a loving Father in heaven or with the facts of human life as he knew them. His views are set forth at length in his "Creed" of six clauses communicated to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and in his published correspondence as well with Jas. W. Kimball. On all occasions he spoke out bravely on behalf of a disparaged humanity and was assailed consequently and frequently as an atheist, freethinker, or subverter of Christianity. It is due that we should remember to-day his stand for the love of God, and the progress of the world, for the majesty of truth, and the Christianity of Christ.

There is a side of Holmes, however, which does not appeal to, and may repel to disfavour, the social fervour of the moral reformer. He was an individualist of the old type, an aristocrat in sentiment, and a conservative in outlook, though he lived in a democratic republic. One feels that, had he lived with us, he might have defended the hereditary prerogatives of the House of Lords, and voted without one pang of conscience against undiscussed Licensing Bills! He believed in family and pedigree to an unusual degree. He did not advocate in the press, or support on the platform, the great moral campaigns against war and slavery, intemperance and poverty. Neither was he caught up in the sweep of the transcendental movement which found its culmination in Emerson. We miss in him the urgent conviction of the necessity and duty of reform, the righteous indignation against flagrant wrong which stirred the soul of Whittier and Lowell. His defence under Lowell's remonstrance was to confess an innate distaste for public affairs, a hatred of committees, public meetings and business details, and "an inaptitude, not to say ineptitude, in connection with all such proceedings." His was evidently not the nature of the social reformer any more than that of Tennyson over here; it was that of the quiet Christian gentleman, and the private lettered citizen.

But he did his work in his own way and according to his capacity, and he could claim without undue boasting: "I have comforted a good many people in my time. I have not been a great moral reformer . . . but I have stuck by humanity after my own poor fashion, and have been told by a great many persons in a great many places that they were better and happier for my having lived." Yes, truly, he "stuck by humanity,"

proclaiming with cheerful optimism a kindly gospel of love to God and man, as did his friend Dr. Channing in more serious tone. From his window in Beacon-street he could make out through a telescope the tomb of Channing in the cemetery of Mount Auburn. To-day one of the most visited graves is that of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

F. K. F.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

HISTORY, in some respects, is "an illusion created by literature," and of no period is this more true than of the years that immediately preceded the fall of the Roman republic. Mr. Warde Fowler, in his *Social Life at Rome*,* speaks of "this dark age of Roman history" as though things were worse than usual. Nor is it to be wondered at. Mr. Fowler draws largely upon Cicero's letters. And Cicero was the mouthpiece of the Roman aristocracy. The revolutionary attempt of Catiline had frightened the ruling classes into seeing the truth for once, namely, that the government of the capital and empire was beyond their strength. Hence the aristocratic literature of the day transfers to poetry and rhetoric and elsewhere the gloomy outlook of a party. Lucretius took refuge in a melancholy quietism. Far away from Rome he could watch from some grassy slope the clouds piled mountain high, or windswept across the heavens. But when he began to think and to ask whither things were drifting, he seemed to see everything wasting away. Cicero idealised the age of the elder Cato, and hoped to form a coalition of the aristocrats and millionaires in order to continue the state of affairs so rudely shaken by Catiline. But his noble friends viewed him much as the great Tory nobles viewed Disraeli. Roman politics, indeed, were more treacherous than English politics. Cicero was forced by circumstances to take refuge with his opponents and to make terms with Cæsar. Cæsar was the symbol of the new era. As such Catullus waged war against him and his henchman Mamurra. But politics make as little figure in Catullus' poems as in the best work of Swinburne. Perhaps historical criticism never suffered more than when it relegated Cæsar's report on his Gallic War to the schoolroom. Only now is its true importance becoming recognised. But the most striking passage for our purpose, is the amusing picture of the panic into which the Roman officers fell on the eve of their meeting the German invaders. According to Cæsar his oratory turned their fears into confidence. Over them, as over Cicero, Cæsar exercised an almost resistless charm. The secret of Cæsar was not more in his own striking personality, than in his fitness to lead the Roman nation to the imperial throne. It will be worth while, therefore, to take note of those circumstances which were prominent in the Roman world. By so doing, we shall be saved from regarding Cæsar as a god, with Mommsen and Froude; or as a devil, with Brutus and other republicans. Cæsar was not blind to the greatness of Cicero as an orator and writer. Professor

Tyrrell has compared the influence of Cicero to that of the *Times*. "He placed the public in possession of the political situation." We can imagine that there are persons who are not content to be put in possession of the public situation even by the *Times*. Let us try to look at republican Rome through other eyes than Cicero's. The Roman democracy, of course, contained the vast majority of the Roman race. If the democracy contained the dregs (among which, by the way, Cicero would include the Ghetto, as later writers included the church of Peter and Paul), no one who has read Cicero's correspondence will deny that the aristocratic Romans carried a fair proportion of the scum. It was not the Roman legionaries, but their officers, who started the panic near Belfort. So also in time of peace we catch glimpses of the greater Rome, the Rome of the multitude. Even Cicero bears witness for them. "Men of the lowest fortune," he says, "without any political prospects, even artisans, take pleasure in history." Nor were their circumstances so hard as they have seemed to some. The most pressing need under the Italian sky is an abundance of good water. The Rome of the republic was better off in this respect than the Rome of to-day. Again, the State saw to it that the corn supply should be cheap. Here the citizen was far better off than the Englishman even of the forties. Add to this the frugality of the south, enriched by the frequent public festivals, and we may well doubt whether the Roman solution of economic problems was less skilful than our modern solutions. Even slavery, under the benign influence of the Roman law, was slowly modified and partially abolished.

Far and wide, from Cordova to Corinth, from Nîmes to Carthage, colonies, largely of Roman veterans, were formed, and land was allotted in small farms; so that the Mediterranean became in real earnest an Italian lake. The provincial municipalities of Italy were repeated in many a charming city whose relics to this day impress the passing traveller, amid the desolation of northern Africa, or of the Balkan States. Hither the neighbouring farmers repaired with their country produce, fruit, such as is exposed to-day in the bazaars of Algiers, or olive oil, as in Italy and Greece; in return they would take home millstones and pitch. To speak of higher things, the Roman tradition of good living was also carried by these colonists. They sent back to the capital the generals, the statesmen, the emperors, the writers of the empire. The nobles of Rome sneered at Cicero because he was a *novus homo*. Cicero passed on the sneer when he spoke of the meaner callings of his fellow-countrymen. But the Roman empire was built upon the homely virtues; upon thrift, contentment, parental control, and respect for law.

The pleasures of Roman life, however, somewhat blinded the Romans to the majesty of the empire. A well-known lawyer went to Cæsar's headquarters in Gaul, upon Cicero's introduction, with the idea of obtaining a lucrative appointment, so that he might return to Rome with money in his pocket. But he found that war was a serious and sometimes even a dangerous matter. He wrote to Cicero

expressing his longing for Rome and Rome's ways. Cicero was annoyed and hinted that his correspondent was a coward. Cicero himself had suffered from this ignorance of the man about town. After a brilliant and just administration of a province, he returned by way of a favourite watering-place, expecting that his fame would have preceded him. On the contrary, some people did not even know that he had been away from Rome, others were ignorant of the name of his province. Cicero swallowed his wrath, and passed himself off as taking a cure with the rest. He might have been a colonial statesman, or an Indian governor, visiting the London of twenty years ago. The Roman nobles returned with delight to their parks on the east of the city, overlooking the lower ground upon which modern Rome stands; the poor man liked his garret in the crowded hollows under the Capitol. Even the noise and smoke and the insolence of wealth were not wanting to give a Cockney flavour to the ancient capital of the world.

But there was something greater than to be a citizen of Rome. It was to be a citizen of the world. And here the Roman was better off than the Londoner. In a strangely prophetic line, Juvenal said that "the Orontes flowed into the Tiber"; Antioch, with its famous groves of laurel, by the side of that river, was also the port for Syria. And the merchant ships from Antioch brought the eastern races and the eastern worships, which were to give Rome an immortality that compensated her for the removal of the seat of political government to the Bosphorus. The Jewish quarter, where the newcomers found a second home, was on the right bank of the Tiber. So great were their numbers that even Pompey found it worth his while to court the favour of the Jews in Rome with a view to forthcoming elections. Cæsar saw the value of the Jews for the imperial ideal, and granted them freedom of worship in the very capital of the empire. When he was assassinated, they were conspicuous by their grief amid the other foreign immigrants, and came in crowds to mourn round the funeral pyre the live-long night. For Cæsar looked beyond the Greek still further east to the Syrian town, which in these later days was not so much the headquarters of Judaism as its symbol. The Jewish race had driven its roots deep into Roman life, and the resentment which found expression in so many quarters against the rise of the Jews to wealth and influence, testified to the value of services which received such high compensations. Within a century after the fall of the republic the Jewish prayer houses in Rome were visited for the first time by the apostles and their envoys. But even under the republic the Greek tongue, which was the *lingua franca* of the east, introduced the Roman proselyte not only to the *Septuagint* but to tracts like the *Two Ways*, which anticipated the doctrines of Christianity.

This survey of the elements of hope to be found within the confines of Rome, warns us against too flattering a view even of Cæsar's powers. Cæsar's victories owed something to the famous Tenth Legion. History must, indeed, take account of great men. Scientific history,

* "Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero." By W. Warde Fowler, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.

in the proper sense, does not attempt to replace great men by mere forces. It tries to draw the veil that hides the faces of the unnumbered multitude, whose names are now known only to God. They have worked, and the greatest man owes much of his greatness to their unrecorded toil. Hence, the Roman empire was not merely the creation of Cæsar and Augustus; it grew out of the age of stress, in which weaker minds despaired, and faithful minds looked forward to a city that had foundations. F. G.

ONCE MORE—THE SEA.

THE calm bright waters of the little bay greet the eye and the heart with that friendly indifference which, after a long absence, is so full of meaning, so prophetic of joy. *Indifference* for the sea is unconcerned as to her human lovers, and swings her tides and flings her waves all unregardful of our terror and our praise. Yet *friendly*, for what beneficence is in her breath, and with what healing touch and wonder of motion and colour will she minister to us in these great August days! The moment you come to the shore and hear the old music and look out over the broad, heaving surface, that ministry begins. The old enchantment is felt at once, indefinable as the romance of love; something happens within—a physical, and yet also a spiritual, change; blood and brain and soul respond to the influence of that blended power and gentleness, that homeliness and sublimity which make the glory of the sea. Rowing across the bay in the hot afternoon, and leaning over to touch the cool surface, peering into the clear blue waters, catching the vital breath, and breathing deep, life and thought and joy renew themselves there and thus at the fountains of health. After the noise of the city, and the heat of crowded trains, and the long months of labour among men, the first dip of the hand in that pure element sends a thrill of emotion through one's whole being. It is the sure, unfailing touch of Nature, strong and vitalising—the peace, and yet also the passion, of reality sending an impulse of fresh life to the very heart of things within. The little boat moves over the almost waveless blue; and out beyond the rugged rock-pillars that guard the entrance of the cove spreads the wide expanse, bulging under the sunlight, glittering to the sky.

Yes, it is that—a mingling of softness and tender grace with inexhaustible strength, bearing with equal ease this little boat and that huge ship of steel at anchor in the offing, and playing with wavelets and foam flakes at the feet of children on the beach—a homeliness and sublimity commingled as in no other material thing (if, indeed, this radiant creature is material!). “The gentleness of heaven is on the sea”; and yet there are slumbering forces, tameless and terrific, to reckon with in days of storm. But now the strength is only that of mildness and graciousness, ministering, as with some magic charm or enchantment, to the latest pilgrim seeking mercy there. And when, at sunset of that summer day, this pilgrim gave his whole body, “naked and unashamed,” to the sea's embrace, with what friendly arms it gathered him to

itself, laving the tired limbs, soothing away all weariness, pouring the energy of its healthful spirit through physical frame and soul-consciousness, penetrating even to the inmost springs of religious faith, with an assurance of the sanity and soundness of the great world's health.

And now the days are passing, the long, large, leisurely days of rest and freedom, rich in those changes of storm and calm, of light and shadow, of ever-varying colour which belong to almost all places where sea and land meet. This Dorset coast, with its background of wave-like hills of chalk, its aged rocks, twisted into wild and wonderful shapes by mighty upheavals in the dateless past, worn into weird, fantastic forms by wind and wave still playing upon them, its hard, fossilised trees, relics of some ancient forest, embedded among crags and boulders that are crowded with shells wherein life once dwelt millions of years before man or bird found place on earth for foot or wing,—this bit of English shore-land is worthy of the sea at its best. It is good to be near them where they touch and communicate, one with another—the solid yet slowly-wearing rocks, the pliant yet unyielding waves; the ceaseless drama of their conflict or their wooing (whichever it may be) is of endless interest and significance to the mind. Let those who will be on the sea, carried over its vast surface, knowing its tumult and its stillness, and that amplitude of space which the landless horizon gives. But it is *along its shores* that the real play goes on, and to be, as here, where the coastline is wild and rugged, with innumerable bays and coves and promontories—to be at hand while the waters beat and break with ever-changing force of wave and flash of colour, is to be rarely favoured, almost unduly privileged.

And then, from the summit of one of these great chalk downs that stand a little back from the shore, one may look out to where this earth-wooing sea appears to woo and to touch the sky also. That line there, drawn with such splendid sweep from east to west—the “horizon,” as we call it—how much that means, both to the sight and to the imagination! They *meet* there, we say, knowing that they do not, in the literal sense, but knowing, also, what that *appearance* of meeting means to the spirit. From this height, gazing out into the dim space, one gets the feeling, however dream-like, that the sea belongs not less to the sky above than to the earth-shore at one's feet. The immense reach and range of those blue waters and that azure canopy of air, they seem to be alike *domed*, and to a vast, immeasurable curve—the sky, concave above, the sea, convex beneath. Standing there on that solid wave of chalk which once was far submerged beneath the sea, wings seem to lift one, and between the upper and lower curve of blue, the light imaginative self is borne to where they meet—to that mystic line we call the “horizon.” And the fine illusion of their meeting, though known to be an illusion, yet gives a sense of enlargement of soul which the seer knew, when he declared the heavenly and the earthly to be one—the Ideal and the Real to be reconciled in light or love. Far over the great curve of the sea the sky bends to meet it, and here, at

the foot of those cliffs, the sea meets our common earth, becoming thus, to thought or imagination, the flowing tide of fellowship between us and the heavenly spheres. There, just below us, it touches earth; yonder, at the limit of vision, it touches heaven; and so becomes a type of the mediating spirit in man, which lifts our poor imperfect actual into reconciliation with our dream of the everlasting beauty of the good and true.

And now, once more, I stand on the beach, within the circle of that little cove, where, a few days ago, I saw and touched the sea, after a long absence. I must leave it soon, till another summer. The darkness falls about the quiet place. Waveless but breathing softly, rhythmically, as if in sleep, the waters rest. Again “the gentleness of heaven is on the sea.” The stars come out above, and the spirit of all silent and holy things hold possession of the night, in ocean, earth and sky.

A PAGE FROM THE LIFE OF A WORKING WOMAN.

In one of her books Mrs. Humphry Ward declares: “A working woman has as much use for learning as a cow has for clogs.” Years ago, when first I read these words, they struck me as being peculiarly applicable to the ever-increasing army of women workers—that is applicable in a general sort of way. But I never actually realised their full significance until I made the acquaintance of a charwoman in London last year.

This woman was left a widow with three small children, and she has had a hard struggle to keep herself respectable and bring up her family decently, both of which facts, however, she has succeeded in accomplishing. Nowadays, her family is grown up. The one son is a clerk, working for a large firm in the West-end, one daughter is a milliner at another West-end firm, and the remaining daughter is a domestic servant in a business house. One of the girls, when only sixteen, had the misfortune to get into trouble with a married man, so that the woman has a child of four under her care, as well as looking after three sets of flats for bachelor gentlemen.

She gave me a sketch of her daily programme of work, which ran somewhat as follows: Every morning, winter and summer, she rises at 6.30, to get breakfast ready for the son and daughter, and start them off to work at 8 a.m. There is the child to wash and dress and send off to school, and then the woman has to get herself ready and be at the first lot of flats by 9 o'clock. She scrubs and dusts and cleans, washes up breakfast things and makes beds for the next three or four hours, and, if she is very lucky, gets back home by 1 o'clock.

The grandchild, of course, returns from school at twelve, and if the grandmother cannot get back in time to give the child her dinner, she arranges with the woman on the next floor to do so. Generally, however, the grandmother contrives that the child shall have something warm and nourishing for dinner, particularly in the cold weather. Therefore, she hurries home every day and prepares a dinner that is

not much trouble to cook on the gas stove, and grandmother and child get the meal together.

At 2 o'clock the child goes off to school again, and then the woman sets to work in earnest, as she herself phrases it. She lights the fire in the grate, and empties the ashes, washes up all the breakfast things and the plates and dishes from dinner, tidies up the living room, and then makes the beds. In one way and another the woman is kept on her feet until 5 o'clock. By this time the child has returned from school quite ready for her tea, and inclined to turn rebellious if she cannot have it at once so as to go out to play. The grandmother prepares tea for both, then she again clears away, and now it is time to get something ready for the son and daughter who return every evening between 7 and 8.

Neither of them get a proper meal during the day, so the mother cooks a few potatoes, a cabbage, some beans, or whatever vegetable may be in season, with some beef or mutton, as she can afford it. Sometimes she gets some fish, and fries it, or sometimes she makes stews or soups. Whichever she decides to have, it takes time to prepare, and when the son and daughter have finished dinner the evening is nearly spent. Meanwhile, after being undressed and washed, the child has asked for her supper, and then she vanishes for the night hugging her dolly tightly in her arms. The son usually goes out for a walk after his late dinner, and the daughter stays in and helps her mother with the mending. Nine o'clock comes, and the poor weary woman is quite ready for her own supper of bread and cheese and a glass of beer, usually accompanied with a raw onion or tomato by way of relish.

The woman explained to me that one day was typical of every day. She does her washing and ironing at home, and has to arrange it in among the other work the best way she can. Sometimes she can begin washing in the afternoon of Monday, but usually it has to be done at night and then she does not get to bed until long after midnight. Cleaning, cooking, washing, mending, all has to be done somehow, beside following the three sets of flats and doing occasional mending for the bachelor gentlemen. Sunday is very little different from any other day in the week. There are the everlasting flats to attend to in the morning, and a dinner to cook at home, of course the son and daughter helping in the process. After dinner on Sundays the woman usually lies down for an hour or two, and who can blame her? Sunday evenings are spent, either in taking the little grand-daughter out for a walk in one of the neighbouring parks, or in sitting by the fire and reading a favourite weekly newspaper. Churches and chapels are lavishly scattered around, but no one comes to look after the woman, for which fact she says she is thankful.

Yet this woman is quite one of the respectable type, very clean, very good manager, and very hard working. But she spends a hard, sordid, monotonous life. It is work, work, work, every day, every week, every month, every year, and there seems no prospect that it will ever be otherwise. She has no time to attend any meetings. Politics, the Suffrage Question,

any social problems of the day, are to her just so much Greek. Every evening during the week she is too tired either to read or think, it is simply a matter of work and bed, bed and work. "Well, under such conditions the home must be neglected," I fancy some one saying. Neglected! Of course the home is neglected, and how can it be otherwise? No woman can do more than her strength allows, and the miracle to me is, that so many women get through so much.

To an outsider the life of a charwoman appears simply as one long tale of sordid drudgery. She belongs to the class of women who greatly need change and recreation in their everyday life, and it is just this class that very seldom get it. No doubt there are hundreds of women scattered about the country who are in exactly similar positions to my London acquaintance. Some of them drink, and no wonder; but the majority are sober, industrious women, who keep out of debt and lead respectable, self-supporting lives.

These women, then, are worthy of all praise, all admiration, but their wants are seldom noticed. So long as they go on quietly, day after day, doing their work, nobody dreams that they can be dissatisfied with their lot. Only now and again does a voice break in upon the slumbers of others more fortunately situated, rudely startling them for an instant; but the effect passes, and things go on as before. Do not working women, such as these, live up to the words of Adam Lindsay Gordon?—

"Question not, but live and labour
Till your goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbour,
Seeking help from none;
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in our own."

QUESTIONS AT ISSUE.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

BY COUNCILLOR T. R. MARR, MANCHESTER.

FOR more than half a century, reformers of all schools have recognised that one of the urgent problems of the time was that of the housing of the people. In two novels* published ever so long ago, Charles Kingsley depicted the horrible housing conditions to be found in England, both in the country districts and in the towns. And the terrible fact has to be faced that in town and country alike it is still possible to find evils of the kind Kingsley painted. Whole families are herded in single rooms, and sometimes others than members of the family are there. Often enough these rooms are too small, and frequently—one had almost said usually—they are situated in buildings which are in bad repair, damp, ill-ventilated, dirty, dark, and without water supply or sanitary conveniences. In the towns especially such houses often occur in great groups, packed closely on the ground along narrow and mean streets or round noisome courts. And for the right to use such horrid dens, high rents are demanded and paid. That ill effects result

* See "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," by Charles Kingsley.

from these conditions, only the purblind will deny. The report of every medical officer of health shows a higher death rate in the slum areas than in those where decent conditions prevail, and competent observers say that the slum population is deficient in physique and vitality. Even admitting that other factors, notably poverty, exercise an untoward influence, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the slum areas are breeding grounds for the unfit physically. But physical unfitness amid such conditions begets mental and moral unfitness, and so we find the slums producing an undue percentage of weak-minded men and women, unable to refuse the temptations to vice and sin which meet them at every turn.

Why do such conditions continue to exist? Partly no doubt because interested parties oppose every reform effort. The genius of Sartorius, so excellently drawn in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Widowers' Houses," is far from being extinct. Partly, too, because so many people who have the power to help mend matters are ignorant of the existence of these evils. Indescribable horrors often lie at our very doors and yet are unseen and unknown. But most potent of all obstacles to reform has been the failure to grasp the nature of the problems, failure to realise that slum-making goes on steadily day by day unless certain national forces are controlled and regulated.

In the past it has been assumed too often that the slum was something which was well-defined—an area which could be marked out exactly and dealt with by the sanitary authorities. The Public Health Acts give local authorities extensive powers to procure the abatement of nuisances, which term includes overcrowding and many sanitary defects. In the various Housing of the Working Classes Acts, Parliament has given further powers in the direction of closing dwellings unfit for human habitation. Much excellent work has been done all over the country under these Acts, yet much remains to be done. For this there are three main causes: the steady influx to the towns, which now contain 77 per cent. of the population, and the high price of land have resulted in the overcrowding of many areas and the misuse of many potentially wholesome houses. In other words, fairly decent houses are becoming slums because of their misuse. Secondly, the standard of sanitation is steadily rising, and many dwellings which were considered fit a few years ago are now regarded, in the light of wider knowledge, as unfit. Thirdly, through lack of a proper and adequate control over new buildings, many dwellings are being erected under conditions which make it inevitable that in a few years they will be classed as insanitary houses. Thus the problem, though in some respects less intense, tends ever to affect a larger and larger area and to outstrip the resources of the most energetic local authority.

Despite the magnitude of the problem, there is no reason for despair. There is a growing enthusiasm for social work in the country, and this when properly informed and guided will effect—slowly, it may be, but none the less surely—a revolution. Already there are numerous examples of valiant efforts to stem the tide. Numerous

municipalities have acquired land and built houses in which wholesome and decent conditions may be found. Sundry large employers of labour have carried their factories and workpeople from the towns to the country, where their employees are housed decently. Associations of far-sighted citizens have launched, with varying degrees of success, garden city schemes and are trying to build their towns on the right lines from the very beginning. And almost everywhere local authorities are becoming stricter in their supervision of new buildings and more exacting in their requirements.

But as yet there is little sign of a comprehensive plan. In some towns it may be found that all the attention is concentrated on the dwellings of the very poor, ignoring the fact that the houses to-day occupied by the comparatively well-to-do will soon be the homes of the poor. What is most needed is *a view of the town as a whole*. A plan is needed. No more noteworthy event has happened in our recent social history than the introduction to Parliament of the Housing and Town-Planning Bill, by Mr. John Burns. Here is a measure which, for the first time, proposes to give local authorities adequate powers for the control of the structure of their towns. If the Bill passes, as it surely will, there will be going on side by side a steady battle with the existing slums and a wise, far-reaching control of the expanding town. There will be no weakening of the effort to deal with the disease, but that effort will be made stronger and more hopeful by the knowledge that the manufacture of slums is being prevented.

The outlook, then, is a hopeful one. There is only one warning note to sound. Municipal administration more than any other is sensitive to public opinion. When the public is careless and indifferent, local authorities are sluggish and inactive. It is in vain that Mr. Burns seeks to give wider powers, if the powers already possessed are not fully used. Hence there is in every locality room for the work of social service organisations who will strive not as mere busybodies or carping critics of the work of others, but as loyal members of the body politic, to develop a high standard in municipal administration. Social service groups which will survey their districts and get to know the facts may do much to stimulate action, and to educate public opinion. Such education is often sorely needed. It should not merely take the form of insisting on the existence of evil conditions. It is easily within the scope of even a small society to organise an exhibition of plans, pictures, &c., which will show what has been done elsewhere, and, incidentally, what can be done in its own area. Such exhibitions promote discussion, and nothing is more educative, save, perhaps, actual administration. Even in this direction, an active social service union may find opportunities, it may be in undertaking the management of property on the lines familiarised by Miss Octavia Hill or in initiating co-partnership housing scheme or in other experiments. There is no lack of opportunity now, and the coming of town planning as an accepted principle will bring still more openings for co-operation between public-spirited citizens and their elected representatives.

GOING HALVES.

"He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none." A very simple and obvious remedy; yet it came with the force of a new truth, for at that time almsgiving was the accepted remedy for poverty, as it is now. There were beggars everywhere—by the wayside, at the temple steps, in the rich man's gate; it was money they asked, money they received, and money was the easiest thing to give, as it is still. The new proposal was that, as long as there were men without even one coat, no man should have two.

Christian charity, I take it, lies, not so much in what you are ready to give, as in what you are content to keep. When St. Martin rode out of the town with his friends, he cut his cloak in two to give half to a beggar on the road; but to wear half a cloak was much easier for the beggar than for the knight. The gay youth, with one shoulder covered, was poorer, not by half a cloak—that was nothing—but by so much dignity as he lost by being lowered in the eyes of his laughing companions; and in this lies the difference between relieving want and sharing it, between the lofty giving of money and the lowly giving of self.

As things are at the present time, social position is very much a question of extra coats. It is the superfluous that counts. It is easier to give alms than to give up social distinction.

We are all saying just now that the conditions of life must be equalised. All parts of the social body are to be brought into healthy action; workers must be enabled to consume as well as to produce, to give employment as well as to seek it, to pay wages as well as to earn them. Luxury at one end and misery at the other are both to disappear. The State has tried relief, the Church benevolence, and one fourth of the population is still under-clothed, underhoused, and underfed.

Commencent les Socialistes. The few Socialists of my acquaintance are excellently well dressed, well housed, and well fed. I am something of a Socialist myself, but I often catch myself saying "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up." And I find working men quite as proud of social differences, and quite as tenacious of social superfluities, as their employers. If the parable of the two coats means anything, it means that we ought all to reduce private abundance by one half, rather than see public want. Equality of opportunity is of little use without equality of abstinence. When are we going to begin?

E. P. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

WOMEN AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN UNION.

* SIR,—In your note on the South African Act of Union you briefly deplore the Colour Bar, which withdraws the franchise in one colony from a class which has

never abused it. Perhaps an even more lamentable feature of the Act is the treatment which it extends to women. Not only do they remain unenfranchised, they are not even to be counted as part of the population in reckoning the amount of representation due to each State. Is it not strange, when we consider that a majority, both in the House of Commons and in the Cabinet, is committed to the principle of Woman Suffrage, that such an Act should have been passed by the Imperial Parliament without any effort to right this wrong? The women of the Boer Republics, in particular, may complain of a direct breach of faith, for those who took part in the Great Trek had received an explicit pledge that in the new state women should enjoy equal political rights with men.

E. W. LUMMIS.

SIR,—In reading your remarks in THE INQUIRER of August 21, on the South African Union, suffragists cannot help feeling both regret and surprise that you do not add to your protest against the disfranchisement of natives one against the disfranchisement of women. In the Transvaal the wives of male citizens have had votes since 1856. Further particulars of the injustice done to South African women can be read in the "Common Cause" (to be obtained at 64, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester, and of all newsagents). You say that the colour bar is "based upon no intelligible principle of worth to the democracy." The same may most truly be said of the sex bar.

M. M. GREEN.

39, Park-road, Rugby, August 23.

WHY INTERNATIONAL CONGRESSES DO NOT FULFIL THEIR AIM.

MR. J. BREDALL, F.R.G.S., writes to us from South Croydon:—"Among the pleasant recollections which the writer brought away from last year's Esperanto Congress in Dresden is a scene in the market-place of the little town of Wehlen on the Elbe. It was a sunny afternoon in late August; the Congress members to the number of about 500 had, as guests of the city of Dresden, made a delightful steamer trip to Saxon Switzerland, that romantic region where lofty crags overhang the winding river. We had landed at a village whose name I forget, had made our way by shady woodland paths to the summit of the Bastei, and thence looked out upon a panorama of great beauty extending far into Bohemia. We had enjoyed a midday meal amid these pleasant surroundings, chatting in the international language to new-made friends from all the quarters of the globe. We had laughed at the perplexity of the guardian of a watch-tower or belvedere, at seeing so many of us approach and then beat a hasty retreat instead of ascending to enjoy a still more extensive prospect, the fact being that one of the early comers had put a notice in Esperanto on the door, warning others against the flying ants which swarmed inside. We had descended in groups to Wehlen, where our steamers waited, and found the market-place decorated with flags, and the populace ready to give us a welcome. Our chief, Dr. Zamenhof, was

conducted to the town hall, and on the balcony was welcomed by the mayor in an Esperanto speech. At one end of the market-place was the parish church, and it was interesting to observe a Swedeborgian pastor standing on the steps conducting a lively theological discussion with a fellow congressman from Austria or Hungary. The discussion did not last long, for we had to embark, and were soon steaming down the river, and as the darkness deepened the hills on either bank burst out into a glow of coloured flame, and at frequent intervals rockets lit up the sky, and thus we returned to the hospitable Saxon capital.

"The little incident on the church steps leads us to wonder why the assemblage of many thoughtful men and women at the now frequent international congresses is not made more use of for propaganda purposes by our free churches. Perhaps the German Emperor had some such thought when he said 'Plurality of language is a hindrance to the important movement towards *solidarity between the nations*, a movement whose development is daily becoming more clearly visible to thinking men. It is just on account of this plurality of language that the leaders of the movement at their international congresses are unable to communicate freely with each other.'

"The Roman Catholic Church has long recognised the value of the International language as a propaganda medium, and many of its priests have taken up the study, as have a number of ministers of Protestant churches both in England and abroad. One of the most impressive scenes at the Dresden Congress was the Protestant service in the magnificent Frauenkirche, when one of the largest buildings in Dresden was crowded with an earnest and devout congregation, taking part in the solemn service, and listening to the eloquent sermon of Dr. Kuhn, the whole being in Esperanto. At the forthcoming Esperanto Congress at Barcelona, religious services will be held both in Catholic and Protestant churches, but our free churches appear as yet to have taken no steps either with regard to religious services or to the dissemination of literature printed in the Congress language. This is the more strange when one reflects that the annual Esperanto Congress is the only international congress at which all the members speak the same tongue and understand the addresses and papers."

RATIONAL TREATMENT ASSOCIATION.

SIR,—May we bring before your readers some facts about a philanthropic association which has just been formed under most influential patronage, for the Rational treatment of alcoholism and the drug habit?

The question of dealing with the inebriate is one which teems with difficulties, but it is hoped that the work undertaken by this Association will be of substantial benefit to the public welfare. The failure of the lengthy detention system is too complete to need comment.

The objects of the Association are:—

(a) To endeavour to educate the public by every means to realise that

dipso- and narco-mania are definite maladies requiring therapeutic, sympathetic and individual treatment for such time as each case may require, just as in other illnesses.

(b) To make every effort to reach sufferers from either or both maladies before they reach reformatories.

(c) To keep careful and authenticated histories of each case, with report of physical condition by medical man immediately before treatment, and minute reports of progress during treatment, so as to collect valuable information as to the history and causation of dipso- and narco-mania.

(d) To keep in touch as far as possible with patients when convalescent who need help, and to endeavour to obtain employment for them.

(e) To energise to get therapeutic treatment carried out as far as possible in homes, reformatories, and retreats where inebriates are detained without regard to sect, and to make efforts that persons suffering from alcoholism shall not be classed with those mentally deficient. Recent statistics show 60 per cent. mentally deficient in one inebriate home alone.

The scheme of work undertaken by the Rational Association includes:—

(1) The raising as soon as possible of a free fund for gratuitous cases, to be treated by the special medical treatment adopted by the Association.

(2) The collaboration with nursing sisterhoods and missions for the nursing of free and assisted cases in their own homes.

(3) A philanthropic home for educated women.

(4) A register of homes in all parts of the country, where patients, both male and female, can undergo a full course of treatment, usually from four to eight weeks under medical supervision, either singly, or in small numbers. Where necessary, owing to varying circumstances, patients requiring occupation and longer terms of treatment can be arranged for, so that they may live on such rational lines as will ensure permanent recovery.

(5) An employment bureau for convalescents who need assistance.

It is not a temperance crusade, but an association which, realising the absolute fact that alcoholism is a definite malady, desires to enlist the co-operation and sympathies of all classes and views, by the following methods:—

(1) By becoming a member of the Association, and helping according to time and opportunity.

(2) By finding work for those who are cured, and making the aims and objects of the Association known.

(3) By helping to collect for the free fund and home. (Collecting cards can be obtained from the Organising Secretary).

The Association is absolutely philanthropic and unsectarian, and its members derive no pecuniary benefit from it. It is supported and patronised among others by H.H. Prince Frederick Duleep-Singh, the Earl of Munster, the Dowager Lady Borthwick, the Lady Maud Barrett, Mrs. Lloyd-George, Arthur H. Lee, Esq., M.P., H. J. Tennant, Esq., M.P., Mrs. H. J.

Tennant, Mrs. Mackinnon Wood, and many other influential people.

It is the only Association which attempts a classification of cases with a view to discovering the best and most successful means of treatment for the multitude of phases shown in this form of malady.

The cure is not a secret one, and is receiving the support of the medical profession. The names of patients are treated with the utmost confidence.

The Rational Treatment on therapeutic, social and moral lines should appeal to all as providing a means to cure, classify, and prevent one of the greatest evils of civilisation.

The Committee sincerely hope that the public will realise the benefit which will accrue to the nation from this great effort, and support it by every means in their power by becoming members of the Association, and by sending subscriptions or donations to the Hon. Treasurer, Col. Murray, C.B., or Organising Secretary, 65, Upper Gloucester-place, N.W., from whom fuller particulars can be obtained.

E. DU MAURIER.

K. OWEN THOMAS.

Hon. Secretaries.

65, Upper Gloucester-place, N.W.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

A BOOK OF IMAGINARY PORTRAITS.*

SINCE the days of Lucian "Dialogues of the Dead" and "Imaginary Conversations" have had their select band of devotees among both authors and readers. It is a form of literary enterprise which makes some demands upon historical sympathy and imaginative insight. Mr. Manning has both these qualities, combined with a fine sense of style. The result is a book of quite unusual interest and distinction. We are tempted to compare his work with Pater's "Imaginary Portraits," or some passages in "Marius"; but there are very slight indications of influence in this direction. In the preface he tells us himself that he is most conscious of dependence upon Renan, and he refers specially to the "Dialogues Philosophiques." Certainly he may have learned his gift of irony and of tolerant detachment from this master, but we do not need his assurance that it has been his aim "to derive everything from the original source," though he adds the confession, like a note of warning to unreasonable critics, "it is difficult to avoid being touched by contemporary influences." There are in the present volume six studies, cast into a semi-dramatic form, ranging over a wide span of history, from the days of Merodach, king of Uruk, to those of Pope Leo XIII. Many readers will turn at once to the sketch called "The Friend of Paul," in which the fascination of St. Paul, with his unearthly enthusiasm, for a kindly and self-indulgent Epicurean nature desolated by sorrow is depicted by Mr. Manning with great sensitiveness and charm. A habit of contemplation, inseparable from his literary manner, has led him, however,

* Scenes and Portraits. By Frederic Manning. London: John Murray. Pp. xii—289. 6s. net.

to magnify the quietism of the early Christian movement at the expense of its more virile qualities. We hardly recognise the spiritual conquerors of Rome in these people who live "a life removed and hidden from the world."

Mr. Manning's gift of irony is at its best in the strange imaginary conversation called "The Paradise of the Disillusioned," in which Renan and Leo XIII. talk familiarly together. "I did not condemn the French liberal priests"—it is Leo who speaks—"who were busy with biblical exegesis, because I saw that attacks on dogma do not interest the mass of people; nine Catholics out of ten do not know what they believe in: and if your methods of criticism, Monsieur Renan, had not been advertised by so many fanatics, you would have been read almost entirely for the sake of your style. There is a little man in France now, a little man with the style and features of Voltaire, whose criticism has rendered the work of all those tedious Germans, and your own, quite obsolete. Our good Ultramontanes wished to persecute him into popularity, and to advertise him by excommunication. They told me he was a heretic. Of course he was. All the Fathers of the Church were heretics. St. Paul was a heretic. So was St. Augustine. So was St. Francis. So were Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Newman. But it is a pity that the world should know it. St. Paul's heterodoxy laid the foundations of the Church. St. Augustine's heterodoxy, that the sacred writings were not to be taken literally, built it up. St. Francis's heterodoxy staved off the Reformation for three centuries. Lamennais and Lacordaire in France, Newman in England, inspired new life into our veins. Let us point to the names of our sons and not to their works.' A subtle enjoyment illuminated Renan's face. 'Monsieur, you were always an enigma to me.'"

But our own favourite among those scenes is the simplest and most direct of them. It is called "The Jesters of the Lord," and describes the well-known interview between Innocent III. and St. Francis and his companions. In its gaiety and sunshine and its reverence for the poor fools, intoxicated with the love of God as they journey homeward, it is almost like a lost appendix to the Fioretti. It may be some secret loyalty of our own, or the scene of its first reading, which has lulled the critical judgment to rest and determined our preference. We hardly care to ask; our only wish is to remember. It was in a peaceful old-world garden of France, warm with sunshine and fragrant with the roses of June; no sound to break the Sunday stillness, but the singing of the birds and the carillon from the cathedral tower. Then suddenly, on the startled air, the fierce hilarious military tattoo of the world that contradicts our ideals and disillusiones the saints. But, as the noise died away in the distance, this radiant picture of the Jesters of the Lord still printed on the mind, and with it the thought that these clamours are of the things which pass away, while religion remains to convince mortal men of their immortality, and to win them, by this foolishness of the little ones of Christ, to the love they have dishonoured and the gladness they have spurned. "They were twelve fools,"

said the young man to Vanna; "but for me they would have perished by the roadside." "God was good to them," she answered simply; and again he was ashamed."

THE YOUNG TURKS.*

"It is part of the problem—perhaps the greatest political problem of our time," says Mr. Roden Buxton in the last chapter of his book, "Turkey in Revolution," "whether the East can awake, whether the mysterious movement which has placed Japan among the foremost Powers, has stirred China and India and Egypt, has created a demand for progress in Asiatic Russia, and shaken the throne of the Shah in Teheran, is merely a passing gust which troubles the surface, or is the symptom of a mighty current destined to change the course of civilisation." Those to whom that sacred word, Liberty, with all its stirring associations, is as the call of the blood, will incline, by reason of the optimistic temper common to all progressive minds, to the latter view. And, bearing in mind recent sensational occurrences in France and in Spain (to say nothing of Sweden and our own country), we can scarcely resist the infection of a great hope that seems to be stirring the hearts of men in all parts of the world, and which is undoubtedly at the root of the imperious demands for freedom and justice that are now being put forward everywhere by religious as well as by political reformers.

The part which Turkey has lately played in the world-wide movement towards emancipation will one day be fully dealt with by the historians in an exhaustive manner; but at present Europe has scarcely recovered from the surprise with which she received the news of the revolution, and it is not possible as yet to obtain sufficient information about the events of the short period which elapsed between the rising in Resna and the granting of the Constitution on July 24, 1908. The Young Turks themselves, engrossed as they now are in the difficult task of formulating their policy and safeguarding their newly-acquired rights against the insidious reactionary forces which will be sure to menace them sooner or later, are too busy to talk of their patriotic exploits, and too modest to pose as heroes. As for the Turkish people, they, although unanimous in their denunciation of the corrupt Government which supported the throne of Abdul Hamid, are not sufficiently well acquainted with the motives which have guided the actions of the revolutionaries, or sufficiently roused from the inertia which has been increased by the want of education and a cruel system of espionage, to give a true and unprejudiced account of the national movement resulting in the overthrow of the Sultan. They rejoiced greatly when the last blow was struck for freedom, and when the triumph of the Young Turks was announced at Salonica; but they scarcely realised that they themselves would have to work hard to maintain the privileges which the boldness and bravery of their leaders had brought within their reach,

and so little did the ignorant realise what liberty meant, that some grumblings were heard when it was discovered that they were still to be subject to Government authority, established, nevertheless, in accordance with the dictates of the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress. Many different views, indeed, are already taken by various sections of the community in regard to the aims of the reformers, in spite of the popular enthusiasm which they have aroused; and the latter have a hard task before them if they are to steer a successful course amid internal and foreign complications, and promote the interests of the Empire they have risked so much to serve. This, however, they realise, and it is evident to all British sympathisers that, although these men, to whom we have so gladly extended the hand of friendship, are idealists actuated by a lofty and disinterested spirit of patriotism, they are also keen statesmen, fully alive to their responsibilities, and anxious, in the interests of peace and progress, to avoid making mistakes which might retard the future development of their country.

Mr. Buxton, in his fascinating book, writes all too briefly of the dramatic events which startled Europe so unexpectedly only a year ago, and changed the whole aspect of the Eastern question; but he gives a stirring and enthusiastic account of the revolutionary movement, interspersed with graphic descriptions of cities and ceremonials, as well as character-sketches and general *personalia*, which make delightful reading. Whether he is explaining the secret methods of propaganda which members of the Committee of Union and Progress were bound to adopt when they were making converts to the Cause, or giving the outline of a patriotic play witnessed in company with Enver Bey, "the Garibaldi of Young Turkey," and other members of the Committee after the Constitution was granted, or describing the Selamlik (weekly church-going) of that curiously enigmatic and intriguing despot, Abdul Hamid—the opening of Parliament in Constantinople—the picturesque elections at which the ballot-box, regarded as the "sacred ark of democracy," is draped in the national colours, and the processions in the gaily decorated streets during the period of public rejoicings, he is equally vivid and picturesque. The human interest, so often subordinated by elaborate chroniclers to the passion for technical exactness, is always paramount in these pages, and Mr. Buxton deserves our thanks for making the progressive movement in a country which most of us had mentally abandoned to decadence and the ancient régime, a vital reality, full of spirit and colour. His information was largely obtained during a visit to Turkey as a delegate of the Balkan Committee, which sent a group of members to be present at the opening of the new Parliament; but previous to that time he had had the opportunity of seeing for himself "the condition of affairs in Constantinople, in Macedonia, also in the liberated countries, Servia and Bulgaria," and of becoming acquainted with all sorts of people in "places which have lately been in everyone's mouth—Salonica, Monastir, Florina, Ochrida, Resna." He talked to

* "Turkey in Revolution." By Charles Roden Buxton. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

officials, men of business, army officers, journalists, doctors, and lawyers, all of whom he describes with shrewdness and humour; but his interviews with such people of importance as the Grand Vizier, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and with the leaders (who do not, however, approve of this designation) of the Revolution, will perhaps be regarded as his most important experiences. In the chapter entitled "Personalities" pen-portraits are given of some of the Young Turks which are both life-like and sympathetic. Particularly interesting, too, is the description of his conversation with the man who has always been regarded as "a species of secret Pope," the interpreter of the Sacred Law, who had enough foresight to recommend the Sultan to capitulate on the memorable day July 24, and enough influence to persuade the humiliated despot to take his advice. It is rather a surprise to read that the Sheikh regards Moslem fanaticism much as a Liberal theologian regards bigotry in England—as a thing inevitable, up to a certain point, though regrettable, in the history of the faithful. "I have heard of Christian nations putting their captives to the sword," he says, "and I think I have read somewhere—have I not—of the Inquisition in Spain?" When asked for his opinion in regard to "sects of doubtful orthodoxy—the Rufai, and the Mevlevi : . . , whom tourists go to see at Constantinople under the name of 'howling' and 'dancing' Dervishes; the Bektashi, with their emphasis on the spiritual, and their sympathy with other creeds," he replies, "True, there are disagreements, but no deep gulf divides us. There is even a sense in which our communion extends more widely still; a sense in which whosoever says 'God is one,' whosoever divides not the essence into separate persons, is a true believer." When questioned as to whether, in this case, we are not all good Moslems "the Sheikh is silent, neither denying nor affirming, but with the same slow smile upon his broad dignified face." It is not easy to conjecture how far this "inscrutable old man" would go towards what we should call the Modernist standpoint, or whether he is wholly in sympathy with the awakening national spirit which has brought about the astounding changes of the past twelve months in his own country. As Mr. Buxton says, "he is a diplomatist." But it must be set down to his credit that he saved his people from civil war. "When the Committee's ultimatum reached the Sultan, all the possibilities of the desperate situation were eagerly considered by the Council of Ministers. Things were looking bad for the despotism; yet, if the official interpreter of the Sacred Law could have been prevailed on to accuse the rebels of a breach of that law, all might yet be saved. Against men branded with the charge of impiety, it might be easy to raise up a popular reaction, to stir the mob of Stamboul, to appeal to the Arabs of the Hedjaz and the Yemen, to drive the fierce Albanians, in spite of the Committee's tampering, down from their hill-fortresses upon the plains of Macedonia. I do not believe that if the Sheikh's momentous decision had gone against the liberal movement, it would have crushed the

Revolution. But it would have ushered in the Revolution in a dawn of sanguinary conflict, and left behind it a legacy of hatred and danger."

There are some excellent photographs in this volume, some representing street-scenes taken during the days which were given up to general rejoicing after the downfall of the Sultan; and a few naïve cartoons are reproduced from a Turkish comic paper, the *Kalem*, which testify to the contempt with which the old régime is regarded by the people whom it oppressed. They are full of audacious drollery, and reveal a sense of humour which also pleasantly characterises, so Mr. Buxton tells us, some of the modest and able men who have toiled so long for their country in secret, and in whom all the horrors of the past—including, for many, long periods of exile—have not quenched the irresistible spirit of youth.

L. G. A.

PRINCIPLES IN COMMON IN THE REPORTS OF THE POOR LAW COMMISSION.*

THE publication of the epoch-making reports of the Poor Law Commission has added a new terror to existence, the dread, namely, that society, or at least as much of it as is aware that Reports have been issued, should forsake the old standards of Tory and Liberal, the cult of Shaw and the cult of Chesterton, and divide itself into new factions—into the partisans of the Majority and Minority proposals. Prof. Muirhead has done a real service in issuing his little volume, the purpose of which is "to contrast and criticise the proposals of the separate reports in a non-controversial spirit, to suggest how what is valuable and workable in the proposals of each might be combined in a comprehensive system of Poor Law and Industrial reform on which all political parties might unite." At the outset he points out, what cannot be too strongly insisted on, the remarkable extent of the area of agreement between the two Reports, far more remarkable than their difference, and it is to this aspect of his searching and impartial survey that we shall confine ourselves. In point of fact it is the Majority proposals which are revolutionary, whereby we do not mean that they embody the spirit of the barricades, but merely all that the word revolutionary ever does mean in the current coin of political controversy, viz., the unexpected and unconventional.

Everybody knew with tolerable accuracy what line of advance would be followed by Mr. Sidney Webb and Mr. Russell Wakefield, not to speak of Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Chandler, but no dreamer of dreams in his least responsible hours of vision ever supposed that the Majority would sign such a document as that to which their names are appended.

The trouble is that the past reputations of both sections of the Commission militate with the general public against such an impartial estimate of their respective

proposals as that to which Prof. Muirhead invites us. Many will summarily dismiss the Minority Report as "Socialism," which for them is a compendium of all imaginable evils; others, and they are rapidly increasing in numbers, in influence, and in activity, will only seriously discuss the Minority Report because the other is "merely the C.O.S. view," C.O.S. for them being the formula for a noxious gas composed of cast-iron rigidity, cold inhumanity, and an impossibilist doctrinaire individualism, the last element having a purely scientific interest, as it is rapidly disappearing from the planet. A careful examination of the two Reports elicits the fact that the Majority have to a large extent abandoned what, without disrespect, might be called the traditional C.O.S. position; while, on the other hand, Prof. Muirhead notes "an equally marked absence from the Minority of the formulæ and industrial aspirations of current Socialism." The agreements extend not merely to fundamental general principles, but to a long series of concrete practical proposals. Differences of emphasis there are, but no disagreement as to the bankruptcy of the present Poor Law system, and the imperative necessity of change. "While assigning different degrees of importance to the change, all are agreed in discarding the old names. All are agreed in recommending the scrapping of the old machinery, all but two being in favour of substituting the County and the County Borough for the antiquated Union. All are agreed in condemning the mixed workhouse. . . . All are agreed in denouncing the system of non-preventive, inadequate, non-curative, unconditional out-door relief and medical service, which is the outcome of the present system. All condemn the present extent of boy and girl labour. All agree that casual labour is the main cause of industrial distress, and the Reports point with singular unanimity to the causes to which it in turn must be attributed, and to the necessity of taking steps to decasualise it. All would give power to one authority or another to place certain classes of unemployables under restraint and of organising some system of assisted insurance against unemployment in favour of another class" (p. 11). Perhaps the most striking agreement on general principles is that which Prof. Muirhead thus summarises (pp. 59 and 60): "The necessity of consciously recognising it as part of the public duty, on the one hand to anticipate and prevent distress, on the other hand to apply all possible means with a view to its cure . . . the necessity of recognising industrial conditions as responsible for a large, perhaps the largest, part of modern poverty."

Among the numerous causes to which pauperism is traced by the Majority—and here, of course, the Minority would agree with them—many will be astonished at the wholesale admissions as to the effect of bad housing, of the over-employment of boys and the under-employment of men, of sickness and disease, in creating pauper conditions. Prof. Muirhead aptly quotes the Majority, p. 289. We turn up the reference, and supplement his quotation by a detail or two from the same source:—

"Of the applications for poor relief (not

* "By what Authority? The Principles in Common and at Issue in the Reports of the Poor Law Commission." By Prof. J. H. Muirhead, with Introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge. (P. S. King. 2s. net.)

merely medical relief) received during a given year in the Union of Nottingham, over 40 per cent., and in the Parish of Glasgow about 50 per cent., were due to sickness or ill-health." "After a careful examination of 4,000 cases of consumption in the wards of a union infirmary, Dr. Nathan Raw, of Liverpool, came to the conclusion that 60 per cent. were paupers because they were consumptives, and not consumptives because they were paupers." Sickness is, therefore, admittedly one of the chief causes of pauperism. "We estimate that at least one-half of the total cost of pauperism is swallowed up in direct dealing with sickness. To this burden we must add the indirect contributions of sickness, viz., the widows, children, and old people cast upon the rates through preventable deaths of bread-winners, and the host of degenerate imbecile, maimed and blind, with whom disease helps to populate our workhouses. It is probably little, if any, exaggeration to say that, to the extent to which we can eliminate or diminish sickness among the poor, we shall eliminate or diminish one-half the existing amount of pauperism."

Needless to say, we find in both reports the most emphatic assertion of the folly of all our present methods of tinkering with the great evil of unemployment, of the failure of the Unemployed Act of 1905, and of the Distress Committees created by it, of the utter futility and, indeed, harmfulness of municipal relief works, emergency funds, free food and shelter depots, and all the hasty extemporisations by which we have attempted to cope with an evil which, at this time of day, ought to be recognised as inherent in our present industrial system. It is gratifying to record the unanimity with which permanent remedies for a permanent disease are put forward by both sets of Commissioners. Majority and Minority alike recommend for normal cases Labour Exchanges, of which the great German municipalities have made such a splendid success, and which we are promised in this country, state insurance against unemployment, the decasualisation of adult labour, the shortening of the hours during which boys may be legally employed, for the residuum of unemployables, detention and training in penal labour colonies.

Obviously, far-reaching schemes of this kind cannot be initiated and carried on without great expense, and perhaps the selfish portion of the tax-paying community will strive to evade their obligations, or to shift them on to the shoulders of others. But, as Prof. Muirhead well points out in his concluding chapter, the sufficient answer to those who may say we cannot afford it, is that Germany, which is still a much poorer nation than ourselves, has already afforded a large part of it. Moreover, anyone who has even a superficial acquaintance with Germany knows that she considers no sum too great to spend on the education and care of her people (which explains why she is outstripping us in several directions), and that such a state of affairs as the Poor Law Reports have shown to exist in our country is simply inconceivable in Germany at any time during or since the régime of Bismarck.

A preface by Sir Oliver Lodge, and a bib-

liography complete up-to-date of Poor Law Report publications, to which we must now add Prof. Muirhead's little book, increase the interest and value of a timely volume.
R.P.F.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish this autumn a translation of Prof. Rudolph Enckens's "Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker." The translators are Messrs. W. S. Hough and W. R. Boyce-Gibson, and the English title will be "The Problem of Human Life as Viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time." The book, which has passed through seven editions in German, is in three parts, dealing with Hellenism, Christianity, and the Modern World; and there is a concluding chapter on the present situation.

We are glad to hear that there is to be a biographical memoir of the late Father Tyrrell. Miss Petre, his literary executor, requests that letters from him may be sent to her at Mulberry House, Storrington, Pulborough. It is hardly necessary to add that no letters from Father Tyrrell may be published without Miss Petre's permission.

THE first two volumes of "Emerson's Journals" are promised this autumn, edited by Mr. Edward W. Emerson and Mr. Waldo Emerson Forbes. They deal only with the early years from 1820 to 1829, comprising his college life and his friendship with Channing. If the work is to be continued on this scale it will require a formidable number of volumes for its completion. It will be interesting to observe how far it is possible to revive a genuine interest in Emerson. His influence, mingled with that of his contemporaries, has passed into the texture of our thought, but we fancy he is not much read, and he inspires at the present time only a very limited literary enthusiasm.

"DEVOTIONS FROM THE APOCRYPHA" is the title of the new volume to be issued next month in Messrs. Methuen's "Library of Devotion" series. The book is edited by the Rev. Herbert Pentin, Vicar of Milton Abbey, and Warden of the International Society of the Apocrypha.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER, whose name was so intimately associated with the Gourt Theatre, is also recognised as one of our foremost dramatists, and readers as well as playgoers will be glad to hear that Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson have just published "The Marrying of Ann Leete," "The Voysey Inheritance," and "Waste." The three plays are issued in one volume and also separately in cloth and paper covers.

ELABORATE arrangements have been made for the Johnson Bicentenary celebrations at Lichfield on September 15 to 18. The chief event will be the public dedication of Johnson's birthplace by Lord Rosebery, who is to receive the freedom of the city. Among other things on the programme are a lecture by Mr. Sidney Lee on "Johnson, Garrick, and Shakespeare"; a popular gathering of citizens

in the Market-square, and a Johnson supper. On the Sunday there will be a special service in the cathedral, at which Canon Beeching will be the preacher.

THE *Westminster Gazette* of last Tuesday contained the first of a series of articles on "Democracy in Charity," by Mr. Arthur Paterson, which should not escape the attention of our readers.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

From FUNK & WAGNALL:—"The Home of the Soul." Rev. Charles Wagner.

HEADLEY BROTHERS:—"Parliament and the People." J. H. B. Masterman. 1s.

KEGAN PAUL:—"Practical Swiss Guide." 4s.

Light of Reason, Cornhill, Young Days.

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

"PLEASE accept the accompanying flowers to sweeten and help a little in your splendid Mission. I had a treat last evening, and hope to receive still more light and understanding. May God bless your efforts. From an ex-Church of England." It is seldom that a week passes without one or other of our missionaries reporting some little attention, courtesy, kindness or mark of appreciation like the above from Derby. From the same town we have a list of friends who entertained the missionaries to dinner during the time of their stay. London also sends word this week of hospitality, and on several occasions the evidences in that district have been conspicuous. Naturally, in places where none of our own friends are known the missionaries are not overwhelmed with kindnesses of the kind, out there have been occasions when the vanners have found on their platform in the early morning the token of some good by stealth, for which they knew the unknown had scriptural warrant, and which they accepted with silent gratitude. It is, of course, particularly gratifying to see the marks of goodwill which the Mission earns among those who are not of its household of faith. It is among the best evidences that the Mission is regarded in the right light, and that it is not looked upon by everybody as a merely controversial agency. The work would only be a failure if it had no higher objective than to set people by the ears, and had no word of hope for the toilers and heavy-laden of our time.

While the vanners on the road meet with these gratifying tokens, there are other friends who send contributions in aid of the work, which are not always accompanied by a name and address, and cannot therefore always be acknowledged directly. Even money is sometimes sent in this way, e.g., a recent donation from Bolton. Parcels of magazines, and especially with copies of *Young Days*, which are particularly welcome, also reach us, and beyond the postmark give no indication of their source of origin. Perhaps in this paragraph we may be allowed to express our obligations for a number of gifts of this kind that we have had no other opportunity of acknowledging. The goodwill of our own friends is no less acceptable than that of those who make our acquaintance for the first time. The Mission, of course, is only possible by the continuance of this goodwill. And, as we wrote to a friend this week, it is a matter of real gratitude that there should be so many who wish us well and help in the realisation of our objects. There must, however, be thousands who read the story of the Mission week by week, who would send a small contribution if it could be brought home to them that the needs of the work are great, and the friendly hospitality of the editor enables us at least once in each season to put in an earnest plea for more assistance so that the work may be maintained. We still look forward to the time when the Mission will be entirely self-supporting, and that desirable consummation for this season would be brought about if every reader of this week's notes would send a shilling to the agent. It is matter of

gratification that a recent appeal has produced a satisfactory response, but of course people have so many claims upon their generosity that our circulars cannot expect to escape that oblivion which awaits the vast majority of printed appeals. Nevertheless, we are still hopeful that we shall be remembered, and while it is unconventional to appeal in this way through the columns of a respectable journal for the sines of war, we have heard so often that the Mission itself is unconventional, that we have no hesitation in stating our need, in the assurance that some at least who read will feel for us to the tune of the Quaker's sympathy.

Mr. Russell has a good week's work to report from Bannockburn, and after that the next best meetings have been held in the Midlands. At Derby, Rev. E. W. Sealey had audiences ranging from 350 to 850, despite the excitement of Tariff Reform and Suffragette meetings, which were held simultaneously. Rev. A. Thornhill acted as chairman, and his people showed many kindnesses to the missionaries. On Thursday the van moved to Ilkeston, where Rev. F. Heming Vaughan was missionary, with assistance from Rev. W. H. Burgess, in the chair. One evening also an additional address was delivered by Mr. W. J. Douse, of Nottingham, and Mr. W. Oliver, of Loughborough, who has rendered splendid service for the Mission during the last few weeks, was again helping among the crowd. The missionaries having to leave early, a good deal of the questioning was addressed to the lay missionary, and one evening Mr. Talbot had over an hour's heckling to encounter.

The London meetings at Tottenham and Walthamstow were much smaller than those of the previous week at Wood Green, and at Tottenham the people seemed nearly all to be hurrying home from business, and the attendances consequently fluctuated a good deal. At Walthamstow Rev. W. L. Schroeder conducted the Mission, and Rev. J. A. Pearson and Mr. W. J. Noel acted as chairmen. Rain interfered a good deal, and one evening, when it was sought to move the van to a drier pitch, the wheels were found to be so embedded in the soft earth that it was only moved with difficulty. The addresses were, however, of a forceful character, and succeeded in holding the audiences, and very helpful meetings were the result. Mr. Schroeder conducted the service at Walthamstow, and members of the congregation in turn helped the Mission with their presence at the meetings.

In Wales, owing to troubles with the Kensit preachers, which in one or two places have led to serious disturbances, the route has been to some extent modified, and for a fortnight meetings are being held in some of the smaller valley villages in the Bridgend district, where Rev. D. G. Rees is rendering yeoman service. A series of misfortunes befell the van on the journey to Aberkenfig, resulting in the loss of the first night's meeting through the late arrival, the second night a storm stopped the proceedings, the third night the counter-attractions of a local fair had to be met, and it was not until the fourth evening that the Mission had its chance.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICTS.—Tottenham, August 16 to 18, two meetings, attendance 400; Walthamstow, August 19 to 22, four meetings, attendance 880.

MIDLANDS.—Derby, August 16 to 18, three meetings, attendance 1,650; Ilkeston, August 19 to 22, four meetings, attendance 1,375.

WALES.—Aberkenfig, August 16 to 22, four meetings, attendance (Sunday 1,100) 1,420.

SCOTLAND.—Bannockburn, August 16 to 21, five meetings, attendance 2,650; August 22, Grangemouth, afternoon, 300; Falkirk, evening, 600.

TOTALS.—August 16 to 22, twenty-four meetings, attendance 9,275—average 386.

Inquiries, subscriptions (which are greatly needed), &c., to Rev. Thos. P. Spedding, Clovercroft, Buckingham-road, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport.

SCOTTISH VAN.

Rev. E. T. RUSSELL reports:—I have been having some wonderfully fine meetings at Bannockburn, too large really for the place where they are held. Every night I have many questions to answer, and when I have finished the Plymouth Brethren and others

lecture in opposition to Unitarianism. Quite a sensation has been produced in Bannockburn by the visit of the van. The local porteporteur has called at the van with tracts two or three times. The old people tell me they do not remember such meetings at the Cross. I am staying some days longer. On Sunday I held the three meetings as usual, and was delighted with the attendance at each meeting.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

Coalville.—The teachers and scholars of the Sunday school in connection with the Unitarian Church were hospitably entertained on Saturday, 21st, by Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, at Prior Park, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, for their annual treat. In spite of the unfavourable weather a most enjoyable day was spent, and the gathering separated with a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Parsons and a short address to the children by Mr. Parsons.

Leeds.—The *Mill Hill Chapel Record* for August and September contains the text of the address presented on behalf of the congregation to the Archbishop of York on the occasion of his visit to Leeds in July. It runs as follows:—

ADDRESS.

To the Most Reverend,

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP—

As the oldest congregation of Nonconformists in Leeds, remembering how one of our first ministers, beloved of Thoresby, was near of kin to Archbishop Sharpe, a predecessor of Your Grace, we, the congregation of Mill Hill Chapel, together with all the Unitarians of Leeds, desire to join with our fellow-citizens in bidding you welcome here.

In theological belief we are, it is true, far removed from what is generally taught alike by the Church over which Your Grace presides and by our brethren of the Free Churches. In this respect we of course claim no sympathy and ask no indulgence. We regret, while we do not attempt to minimise, the grave differences which keep us apart.

But we have nevertheless much in common, and on this common ground we take our stand in addressing you to-day.

We are all English, and common to us all is the love of our native land, "love far-brought from out the storied past." We see in you not merely the worthy pastor and high dignitary, but the latest representative of a long line of prelates intimately associated with the history of our country and our kings.

We are by birth or by residence Yorkshiremen. We recall the mission of Paulinus, the first of your line, to our forefathers, and see King Edwin, cautious North Countryman that he was, long consulting with him and deliberating in his heart whether to change the ancient religion of his race for the new Gospel. We remember the oft-told story of the fall of the old gods, and we think of the first Christian Church in this country, built of timber on the spot where now stands the glorious minster in which Your Grace presides.

We remember also how to the encouragement given by one of your predecessors to poor monks, eager for a life of fuller self-sacrifice and devotion, we owe Kirkstall Abbey, whose

ruins lend to this busy centre of commerce and manufacture a touch of antiquity and romance which is greatly valued by us all.

And we, too, claim to be Christians, at least in this, that with you we revere, as Teacher and Lord, the historic Christ, of whom it is written "that he went about doing good." And in you we honour one whose highest aspiration we believe it is, not to exalt one religious body above all others, but, rather, so to quicken and inspire the Church over which you are set in charge that by means of its influence and efficiency "true religion may be established among us" and the Kingdom of Heaven be advanced.

The name of Your Grace was once well known in this city as that of a curate of the Church which is the ancient and honoured centre of religious life here. You come back to us to-day as Primate of England and Archbishop of York. We can form no better wish for Your Grace than that you may discharge the duties of your august and historic office no less faithfully and worthily than you did those of a curate of the Parish Church in the days of your youth.

Signed on behalf of the Mill Hill congregation and the Unitarians of Leeds.

AIREDALE, Chairman of Trustees.

CHARLES HARGROVE, Minister.

Leeds, Holbeck.—The Rev. Mary A. Safford occupied the pulpit here on Sunday evening, August 15, and preached to a large congregation. Her discourse was marked by quiet earnestness, literary grace, and a well-sustained appeal, both to the minds and hearts of her hearers. Her subject was "The Influence of Personality," and the life of Christ formed her chief illustration, but effective use was also made of the lives of others and of the teachings of daily experience. All personal influence was of importance, but that of character was greatest and depended, not only upon the possession of will, intellect, or emotion, but personality. The highest manifestations of God came through human personalities, and the divine quality, which all recognised as dwelling in Jesus, was not wholly absent from even the lowest members of the race. All have the divine spark within them, and can exert a hallowing influence upon their fellows. By apt quotations from John Fiske, Robert Browning, J. S. Mill, George Eliot and others, she enforced her doctrine, and concluded with an earnest appeal to her hearers to believe in the might of their individual personal influence, and rejoice in their power to bless. Miss Safford's visit to Leeds has awakened interest among a number of friends and given pleasure to all who met her. The Rev. W. R. Shanks, preaching last Sunday night on "The Inner Meaning of Sin," alluded to his recent experiences during a fortnight on the Unitarian van, in the Hendon and Finchley districts. He had deliberately sought to provoke response from any in his audiences on the adequacy of socialism or materialism as a substitute for rational Christianity, and only once obtained it, and the man had, in the end, visited the van and signed his name as a sympathiser. Little interest was shown in such subjects as the doctrinal differences separating the sects, or in the doctrine of the Trinity, or future punishment, but, on the other hand, a deep interest was displayed in questions like the origin and authority of the Bible, the nature and authority of Jesus, and most of all in the meaning of sin. There is a grand opportunity for the teacher who will go out to the common people with well-ascertained facts. The readiness to listen is beyond denial, and the only opposition comes from interested representatives of the sects.

London District Unitarian Society.—The proposal to hold a united service for the London churches on the third Sunday in October, at which Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas had consented to preach, has had to be abandoned. The reason is simple enough. Our churches possess no hall of their own large enough to accommodate anything like two thousand persons, and it has been impossible to secure either a centrally situated theatre or a suitable and convenient hall. The necessity of abandoning the scheme is the more regrettable in that the churches were evidently willing to join heartily in it.

London: Newington Green.—It is announced that Dr. Foat will deliver a course of sermons on "The Rise and Decline of Protestantism,"

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on the Sunday mornings in September. The special subjects will be: 5th, The Church of England; 12th, The Nonconformists; 19th, The Dissenters; 26th, "When that which drew from out the wondrous deep, turns again home." The subject for the evening service for the month will be, "The Week's Events and their Meaning." It is suggested that this special course of lectures may be available for delivery elsewhere on week evenings if Dr. Foat is approached on the subject.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

It is calculated that there are in the United Kingdom 500,000 empty houses, providing accommodation for over 2,000,000 people. The rapid growth of the great towns, which every year annex new suburban areas, the development of electric tramways, and the increased comfort and prettiness of many new houses compared with the old, are largely responsible for this state of things. But it has created a kind of inverted housing problem; for it is said that landlords are slow to adapt themselves to the change, and will neither alter their property nor bring down their rents. Meanwhile there is a demand for cheap houses in the very districts where these derelicts are lying empty, on the part of men who must live near to their work. The rapid growth of London alone is seen in the figures given by Mr. Burns in a recent speech. In 25 years 500,000 houses have been built, and 1,400 miles of new streets.

THE co-education of boys and girls has been in force in the high schools of the Grand Duchy of Baden since 1901, says the Berlin correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*. The result of a referendum on the subject, in which all the teachers took part, is very unfavourable to the system. The report states that the boys disliked the presence of the girls. The girls had no effect upon their conduct, while the influence of the boys on the girls was not good. It is recommended that wherever it is possible separate girls' schools should be provided with their own programme of teaching.

THE Australian Premiers have, says the *Daily Chronicle*, met in conference and passed resolutions the effect of which will be a sweeping industrial revolution in the Commonwealth. Wages boards are to be universally established throughout all the districts of each State, and the Commonwealth Parliament is to establish an Industrial Tribunal of Appeal, with power to adjudicate on the awards made by the local boards when these produce unfair inter-State competition. It is, however, uncertain whether an amendment of the Constitution will not be necessary to complete the industrial powers of the Australian Federation. Mr. Deakin describes these resolutions as the greatest advance made in the path of social reform for a decade. Tasmania, which up to the present time possesses no wages boards, will introduce legislation with the object of establishing them this year.

WE are glad to receive a new pamphlet by Miss Harriet Johnson, of Liverpool, on the Sale of Intoxicants to Children. It deals with the subject under three headings: Those who Need Special Protection; What Doctors Say; and Legislation Here and in our Colonies. The pamphlet may be had from the Church of England Temperance Society or the Liverpool Booksellers' Company, Ltd., who are the joint publishers.

DR. DAWSON BURNS, who died at an advanced age last Sunday, did yeoman service in the temperance cause. He took the pledge in 1839 when he was ten years old. In 1856 he was appointed Metropolitan Superintendent of the United Kingdom Alliance, a position which he occupied for 37 years. In addition to his organising and lecturing work he was always busy with his pen. He was also the founder of the Temperance Hospital, which occupies a fine pile of buildings in the Hampstead-road, and the originator of the International Congress on Alcoholism, at which he was present a month ago. On the occasion of his temperance jubilee, the *Westminster*

Gazette reminds us, Sir Wilfrid Lawson sent his greetings in the form of an original poem, one verse of which ran:—

"I heartily wish you, my dear Doctor Burns,
Of your Jubilee day many happy returns;
It's a wonderful thing many people will think,
That you've struggled along such a time
without drink."

A NEW departure in entomological research has just been announced, in the appointment by Lord Crewe of a committee whose object is to further the study of scientific entomology, with special reference to Africa. The committee will devote its attention specially to the propagation of disease among men and animals by noxious insects, with a view to stamping them out. Lord Cromer will act as chairman, and a number of eminent scientific men have consented to serve on the committee in conjunction with officials of the Government departments specially concerned.

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